

Another song relates to the fall of Seringapatam. It describes how the fort was lost through treachery. It was probably composed before the State was restored to the present Royal House.

"Alas, alas, how badly they were deceived and the power of

the Sultan passed into stranger's hands!

"They lacked not arms; they had a strong fort; an army

they had; they lacked not strength.

"The white man of the artillery—the one that came from

Madras—stayed concealed for six months with Marisat of bad name.

"He stood on the fort walls with guns and everything, this

Marisat, and villainously waived his kerchief, the scoundrel Marisat.

"When the girls had gathered before the temple, Marisat

swore on sacred milk and rice: alas, what deceit!

"The white men got the throne, the Sultans were beaten

down. Whose was the throne? Whose is it now? The queen she got the throne/*

III

Away in the Malnad, in the days of Deepavali or late autumn, one sees bands of singers here and there dancing and beating time to their music with little sticks. Sometimes, particularly in the bright fortnight, one hears the sound of these dance-songs late in the night,, the voices of men singing in chorus and the sound of sticks beating in time, coming from across the large places between hill and hill. It is impossible to describe the weird effect that such sounds produce, coming from far away, in the still evening, over the heads of sleeping

forests, in the calm and clear moonlight.
In these
dances, there are generally ten, twelve or
fourteen, or